THE

LADY's

MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MAY, 1809.

MEMOIR OF MISS TAYLOR.

A woman may be knowing, active, witty, and amusing, but without propriety she cannot be amiable. Propriety is the centre in which all the lines of duty and agreeableness meet. *Mrs. H. More.*

THIS elegant remark of a lady, whose conduct and writings have uniformly been consistent with the principles it inculcates, may be very aptly applied to the fair object of our present memoir. The accomplishments and pleasing manners of Miss Mary Ann Taylor have gained her a strong interest in the feelings of many well-disposed persons, who mistake the impulse of benevolence for the dictates of justice, without imagining that they have in reality suffered themselves to be prejudiced by a winning exterior, and a few interesting contingencies; for however unexceptionable the conduct of Miss Taylor may have been, as far as regards her own person, we cannot, in justice, view her connection with Mrs. Clarke in a favourable point of view. The plea of relationship might bear some weight, could we imagine that Miss Taylor would consider it equally her duty to associate with, and coun-

tenance, that relation, in *abject distress, as when under the protection of the Duke of York;* but as in such circumstances only, she could prove the true greatness of mind which might influence her, we think self-estimation should have prompted a different line of conduct. The father of Miss Taylor, it appears in evidence, was a stock-broker, of the name of Chance; but labouring under some pecuniary difficulties, he assumed the name of Taylor, to conceal himself from his creditors, and resided with Miss Clarke's mother, at Bayswater; his difficulties increasing, his person was confined, and his daughter, for the maintenance of herself and her distressed parents, very laudably exerted herself in the way for which her education had best qualified her; she established a boarding school, first at Kentish Town, and afterwards at China Row, Chelsea, which might have improved so as to have afforded her a genteel sufficiency, but for her indiscreet connection with Mrs. Clarke, and subsequent exposure. The line which Miss Taylor had marked out for herself, was one which requires the strictest propriety of conduct; as even the most licentious parents are in general cautious with regard to their children, and the strictly moral require that not only facts, but even appearances, should justify their trust. Without attaching the slightest degree of criminality to this unfortunate young lady, we cannot but sincerely regret her inconsiderateness, as a moment's reflection must convince her, or her most zealous advocates, that a third person, at such interviews as took place between the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke, independent of each being respectively married, must be derogatory to the delicacy of a female, who had not sacrificed her modesty at the shrine of interest. That we may not be accused of illiberality in these observations, we will conclude with an extract from the speech of a member, who has, with equal ability and philanthropy, spoken in her behalf, and been actively employed in raising a liberal subscription for her relief and assistance.

Extract from Lord Folkstone's Speech, March 10.

Lord Folkstone observed, it had been argued, that because Miss Taylor did not recollect precisely the expression that had been made use of respecting Col. French, that she was not to be believed. "She never had seen Col. French; and it must be allowed, the expression, if used, was a very remarkable one, and likely to be remembered. If she had visited Mrs. Clarke, it would be recollected that she was a relation of hers; and was Miss Taylor to be held up to the country as a liar, who was totally unworthy of credit, for no other reason but that her brother had married Mrs. Clarke's sister? The examination had already proved of the most serious consequence to Miss Taylor; and it was hard that she should be set down as altogether unworthy of belief, merely because she was connected with Mrs. Clarke, and therefore associated with her. It must occur to the honourable gentlemen on the other side of the house, that there were numerous instances, among the higher orders in life, where not only men but women of character* did associate with females whose characters were very doubtful, and perhaps very little better than that of Mrs. Clarke! Now there ought to be something of equal justice among the different orders of society, and that equal justice would not be done, if Miss Taylor was to be discredited, because she did not belong to the higher class, and because her parents were poor. The examination of Miss Taylor had been conducted in such a manner, (he did not mean to throw blame upon any body for it,) that it had produced her absolute ruin. Her father was a ruined man, her mother in jail for debt, and she a virtuous young girl—he should repeat, a virtuous young girl; for, however the gentlemen on the other side of the house might laugh at the term, he would say, there was

* Query.—If they preserved their *character*, did they preserve their morals.

nothing in the evidence, nothing in the deportment of Miss Taylor at the bar, which could justify their merriment, or at all contradict the justice of the term, as applied to her. This virtuous young girl, he would repeat, when her family was in such distress, took a boarding-school for the support of herself and her younger sister; she had a dozen pupils before she was summoned to attend the house as a witness, and in consequence of the answers which had been extorted from her in the course of her examination, nine of them had been withdrawn. Her creditors soon found out her misfortunes, and no time was lost in laying an execution on her goods; her furniture had been all seized, her carpets torn off the floors, and she herself obliged to seek an asylum in a friend's house; and yet, although such distress and ruin had been occasioned in her little establishment, it appeared that all the debts which she owed in the world amounted only to about 120l."

In this statement Lord Folkstone certainly expressed himself with candour and sensibility; he considered Miss Taylor an injured person, in consequence of the strict examination which had been necessarily imposed, which must have given a stab to her credit, by exposing her family. It appears, however, that his argument was not conclusive, when he advanced, that she had lost nine of her pupils on that account. Mean and illiberal indeed must be the mind that could cast odium on her character because her birth was not legitimate, or her parents rich. To her own impropriety of conduct, in associating with a woman of tarnished fame, may she ascribe the misfortunes which have overtaken her; for a truly virtuous woman should not only be without stain, she should also be above suspicion. We understand the subscriptions for this young lady have amounted to a considerable sum.

THE BUSY BODY.

NO. XIII.

I NOW sit down to fulfil my engagement with my readers, in relating a tale which may prove a warning to some young enthusiastic female, who is likely to fall into a similar error to that which has proved at once the ruin and the shame of the lovely Emma. An admired and sensible writer observes, that, "In love, as in all things, a line must be drawn, or, in other words, there must be more friendship and less passion, otherwise the infallible consequence will be what it ever has, and ever must be." An attachment formed in the impetuous moments of youth, without merit to sanction, or prudence to direct, seldom, if ever, terminates happily; as an instance of which, it is only necessary to bring forward the heroine of my tale.

Emma Ferguson was the third daughter of a gentleman who had amassed an immense fortune, by some successful speculations in a mercantile concern. As his wealth increased, his pride also kept pace with it; and his most anxious desire was, to see his children settled in life in a manner suitable to his own ambitious views. For this purpose he kept open house for the *best* company, and escorted his family to the most fashionable places of resort; Bath, Weymouth, Tunbridge, Brighton, and Margate were visited in turn, but still no peer of the realm came forward to solicit the hand of a fair Ferguson. At length Emma became the magnet of attraction to a handsome young Hibernian, who knowing well the predominant foible of the Fergusons, and ardently enamoured of the lovely girl, scrupled not to get introduced, and unhesitatingly asserted himself to be of noble blood. For a time Ferguson, won by his insinuating address and polished manners, admitted him to his family on the most friendly footing; and the young lovers foreseeing no obstacle to the completion of their happiness, indulged themselves in visionary prospects of felicity. But the scene was soon

changed: accident discovered to the prudent father, that Hunterton was only a half-pay officer, considerably involved in pecuniary embarrassments, and not related to one noble family. This information soon occasioned the doors of Mr. Ferguson's house to be closed against the enamoured Hunterton, who, smarting under the disappointment, would have relinquished the pursuit, had not the fertile genius of his young dulcinea contrived a correspondence, in which she declared herself determined to fly into his arms. Hunterton, though ardently attached to the impetuous girl, had enough of the man of the world in his composition, to oppose such a rash proceeding; yet to reject her advances, without causing her to doubt his affection, was rather a perplexing task. He, however, resolved on the experiment, and in a most impassioned letter, informed her of his exact situation, assuring her that his unwillingness to involve her in difficulties, was his only objection to the step he proposed. But Emma was not to be damped by the cold suggestions of prudence; opposition but increased her eagerness, and the romantic idea of eloping, and sharing the difficulties of her beloved Hunterton, was a fascinating idea, which was soon put in execution. The enraptured lover received his disinterested charmer with open arms; and although a father's heart was irrecoverably lost, Emma believed herself the happiest of her sex; and in a sweet little cottage, about seven miles from town, Mrs. Hunterton imagined herself an empress.

Time soon changed the scene; the hours of love flew rapidly; Emma was weary of retirement, and, to oblige her, Hunterton removed to town; still he encouraged hopes that Ferguson would relent, and do something for his daughter, but in this he was greatly mistaken. He forgave his darling child, it is true; but hatred against the man who had weaned her from her duty, filled his breast with inveterate rancour. Mrs. Hunterton, young, beautiful, and gay, without one solid principle to guide her, was the child of caprice; she was pleased with her husband's complaisance, and soon learnt the art of turning

him which ever way she wished. Her extravagant propensities were not to be checked, even by the dread of approaching want; she still flattered herself that her father would come forward in any emergency; and the repeated disappointments, and consequent embarrassments, of Hunterton, occasioned some unpleasant scenes between them, which the irritable and impatient temper of Emma was ill calculated to bear. She no longer saw the passive lover, but the reproachful husband. Vanity and self love took the alarm; she sought her too credulous mother, complained of ill treatment, and entreated permission to return home; but this was not to be granted. Hunterton, enraged by her unkindness, no longer suffered passion to blind him to her faults; but she was about to become a mother, and that consideration alone restrained him from expressing all he felt. That event, which would have afforded rapture to some women, only added to the vexation of Emma; and she considered the helpless infant but as a fresh burden to tie her down from enjoying the pleasures of high life, for which her early habits had given her a propensity not to be subdued.

Hunterton discovered this with regret and indignation, and all the love he once felt for her changed to disgust, which he took no pains to conceal. Aggravation succeeded aggravation; and his creditors, at length wearied of his continual promises and evasions, made sure of their prey, by confining him in the King's Bench. To this place Emma obstinately refused to accompany him; and on application to her mother, the *penitent daughter* was again received into the bosom of her family.

Hunterton, with his deserted infant in his arms, took possession of his melancholy abode, while his wife, restored to affluence and splendour, has resumed her former gaiety, and forgets that she is a wife and mother; and wishes for his liberation only that she may appeal for a divorce, which will liberate her for ever from an object now as vehemently detested as he was once idolized. Thus it is ever with those who suffer themselves to be

guided by the influence of their passions, for progressive is the approach to vice; and the woman who, in the first stage of life, tramples on the rules of decorum and obedience, seldom fails, in subsequent trials, to violate every other sacred duty.

MR. GORDON,

Founder of the hospital that goes by his name in the city of Aberdeen, was perhaps one of the greatest misers that ever appeared in any country; and from his extreme attachment to riches, is still spoken of by the name of *Sillerton*. This eccentric being was a well informed man, and fond of reading, but would on no account be at the expense of a candle. As good luck would have it, a cobler lived immediately below the miser's garret. Sillerton bored through his floor, and thus availing himself of Crispin's lamp, enjoyed his favourite amusement. The use of a fire he never indulged himself in, even during the extreme rigours of winter. As a substitute for this necessary element, he kept in his garret a hamper, or *creel*, full of stones, which he carried about the room on his back, until he felt himself sufficiently warm. A pennyworth of *butter-milk* in summer, generally served to dilute all his victuals for eight days. One Monday, whilst *Sillerton* was from home, a half-starved rat got at the precious bowl, and made a greedy repast, (such a delicious banquet seldom fell to its lot in this miserable abode of famine) but having overeat itself, it tumbled into the bowl, and, like Gray's immortal Tabby, met its destined fate! Sillerton returned immediately after the melancholy accident happened, ran to his bowl, found it half empty, and the expiring robber drenched in the costly liquid. The enraged miser seized the rat by the head with one hand, whilst with the other he squeezed the milk into the bowl from the shoulders to its tail, saying, "D—n ye, ye sha'nt get off with that!" And then making the ill-fated animal disgorge what it had drunk, thus preserving a scanty supply for his porridge during the remainder of the week!! This wretched character at last died of a surfeit, after *dining at the house of a friend.*

HIGHLAND CHARACTERS;

OR, THE

COMMUNICATIVE TOURIST.

(Continued from page 199.)

"YOU see what a necessary man I am!" exclaimed Mr. Mackintosh, having attended his noble guests to the door. "Yes, sir," I replied; "and it is their necessities which lower them, and elevate you; but I am fearful you will have more intruders, so pray introduce me to my fair cousin."

"Well, well, I like to see this eagerness; but you must not expect to behold a fine London miss: no, no; youth, and a good constitution, don't require the aid of dress. My girl is as fresh as a rose, as fair as a lily; and withal full of health, good humour, and high spirits. It was those charms of nature, as I call them, that first pleased me in her mother; though Dolly, to be sure, is very different from her daughter, for she is so diffident, that she seems to shrink from the gaze of a man; but Jane inherits a little of my disposition, and this is what makes me love her better than Doll."

We reached the door of the house as Mr. Mackintosh had concluded his description of the different characters of his wife and daughter, when, rapping with an air of authority, it was instantly opened by the former, who dropping me a low curtsey, opened a small parlour door.

"You may come in, Dorothy," said the lord and master, addressing his too humble wife; "this gentleman is my relation, and will dine with me to-day."

"I wish you had sent word, sir," replied his gentle helpmate, "for dinner is ready; and you recollect what you ordered; I am sure it is not fit for company."—"Fit! fit!" repeated the domestic tyrant, "do you mean to dispute my

authority? I ordered a dinner you know I am fond of, and which you would have thought excellent before I made you my wife."

"I only thought, sir," rejoined the patient Grizzle, "that it was not what company might like."—"You thought! and who gave you permission to think? Women think, indeed! what will the world come to? But go and see that the cloth is instantly laid, and tell Jane to come hither; but no waiting, remember, whilst she decorates herself."

I stood actually petrified with astonishment, at hearing such a proof of savage brutality and unprovoked abuse, and with the greatest difficulty restrained my indignation. Mackintosh, who was not devoid of penetration, easily perceived the effect his reprehensible conduct had produced; and turning towards me with a smile of good temper, "Confess honestly," said he, "do you not think me a brute?"—"Then, honestly," I replied, "I think you worse than one, because they have not reason to guide, or religion to direct their actions."—"Oh! Doll is used to me," he continued, "and pays no attention to these little effervesences." At that instant the door opened, and in entered Miss Jane, exclaiming, in a voice rather inharmonious, "Papa, did you want me?"

"Come here, girl, what are you afraid of?" observing that she shrunk back upon observing a stranger; then softening his voice, "child, that is your cousin," he continued, "go and shake hands with him." If there is any connexion between the heart and the hand, my fair cousin certainly proved that the ties of consanguinity have an indisputable claim upon the affections, for never had I been honoured with such a grasp, if I may be allowed the expression, from any lady in the whole course of my life, or with so profound a curtsey as accompanied the action. Considering myself authorized to embrace the young lady, I ventured to do so, without ceremony; but I observed that her neck, as well as face, was suffused in a moment,

with the interesting blush of native modesty. The mistress and her maid jointly entering at that period, my fair cousin, for such she really was, instantly began assisting them in spreading the cloth, and in less than two minutes the dinner was brought in, smoking hot. Mr. Mackintosh seated himself at the head of the table; his wife took the left, and his daughter the right hand side; I placed myself at the bottom, and though not privileged by a clerical habit, ventured to say grace. The top dish was pig's chitterlings, the bottom liver and lights of the same animal, but fried to such nicety, as convinced me Dolly had not forgotten the French cook's instructions.

"This is a dinner fit for a prince, Doll," exclaimed Mackintosh, "though you fancied Davie was too fine a gentleman to relish it; but, for my part, I think no money so badly expended as upon the appetite." The delicacy of the cooking, united to that politeness which taught me to consider it a piece of rudeness to sit at table without eating, induced me to conquer a repugnance I had always felt against the internal part of every animal. It seemed, however, as if the appetite of each person had been measured; and had I been hungry, poor Mrs. Mackintosh certainly would not have had half her dinner; for an innate sense of hospitality, or attention to her company, led her scrupulously to watch my plate. The blooming Jenny, too, I observed, frequently cast an oblique glance towards me, and once ventured to inquire whether I would not eat a little more; yet, without my diminishing the entertainment much, each dish upon the table was completely cleared.

The females withdrew with the cloth, when my cousin, rising, declared he would treat with a bonum* of claret; and, going to his cellar, produced one of the best I ever

* A bottle which holds half a gallon, and is generally drank in honour of some particular event.

drank. As the spirit of the wine operated, he became more communicative, and made a serious proposal respecting his daughter, to whom he said he should leave the bulk of his fortune, provided she married with his approbation.

Fortunately for me, Donald entered before I had an opportunity of making any reply to my relation's observation, and informed him the young Marquis of —— was in the compting house, and wished to speak with him upon particular business. As soon as he had quitted the apartment, I took a survey of it, or rather of the articles with which it was furnished; and never, surely, was the finger of a miser so completely imprinted: had every article been valued by an appraiser, I do not think the *tout ensemble* would have produced fifteen shillings; the leaves of the table were actually spliced together, and each chair had had the misfortune of losing a leg, which was fastened together with packthread, rubbed over with shoe-maker's wax. The room, I observed, had two doors, the one which opened into the passage, and the other into a room adjoining it, where I could distinctly hear my fair cousin and the maid-servant conversing. Curiosity impelled me to apply my ear to it, when I distinctly heard the following dialogue:

"What will Donald say, indeed? I don't care a fig for him. I like to have a game at romp with him sometimes, to be sure; but, lord bless ye, Peggy, papa says I may have a lord for my husband, and ride in my coach and six; and Sir William Douglass one day saw me in the compting-house, and asked me if I would go to Gretna Green, and be married; for he said as how he was all over head and ears in love with me, and should go stark staring mad if I did not take pity on him, and a great deal more than I can remember; but Donald came out of the inner office, and told Sir William if he talked such things to me he would tell papa; and when he was gone, Donald begged of me always to keep out of his sight, as he was a *seducter;* I think that was the name he called

him. However, I did not like him; and so I promised Donald never to speak to him again; but I do not think I should have kept my word, if he had been half as handsome as my Lunnon cousin. I certainly am in love, Peggy. Oh dear, oh dear, what a sweet man he is!"

"Well, but miss, you used to say you liked Donald; and I am sure he loves the very ground you tread upon. Why, lac-a-daisy, if you was to go for to marry that Lunnon gemman, I am sure and sartin it would almost break his heart."

"I must marry who my papa pleases, you know, Peggy. I overheard him tell my mother, when that dear sweet cousin of mine went to Lanerk, that if he had not shewn such a slight to his mother's relations, he intended to have made him his son-in-law; yet he seems now to have forgot all his anger; but, lord, who could be angry with such a sweet creature? Oh! I am in love; I am, indeed, Peggy! Oh, dear! how I wish I had been to a dancing-school!"

"Dancing-school, miss! why, what has dancing to do with people's marrying?"

"A great deal, to be sure, you goose-cap; for a dancing-master teaches his scholars how to behave themselves: and, besides, did you not see what fine bows he made to me and my mother? Oh, what a dear sweet creature he is!"

This conversation was interrupted by the re-entrance of Mrs. Mackintosh, who instantly began lecturing Peggy for not having prepared the tea-things. "Do not be angry with her, mother," said the ingenuous Jenny, "for it is all my fault."—"Your fault, child? how can that be?" inquired the affectionate parent. "Why, to tell you the truth, I have been talking to her about that sweet gentleman in the parlour. Do not you think, mother, he is the handsomest man you ever saw?"

"Handsome are they that handsome do, my love," replied the mother; "but you are too young to talk of such things: you had better, my dear Jenny, be learning them

there tables your father set you, than to be thinking or talking about men."—"If I do not talk, I know I shall think of him. Oh! what a beautiful pair of black eyes he has; and then such teeth, why they are white as ivory! and did you ever see a lady with such delicate hands?"

The approaching footsteps of Mr. Mackintosh induced me reluctantly to quit the door; for this unsophisticated girl's eulogium upon my personal attractions, had not only gratified my vanity, but made an unexpected impression upon my heart; and I began to fancy it was possible to mould the artless creature into whatever form I might think proper.

That affection would be her guide in the choice of a husband was evident, by her so readily resigning all farther intercourse with Sir William Douglass; who doubtless intended to seduce, not marry her, or he would have applied to Mr. Mackintosh. Towards Donald it was evident she felt no farther preference than that which was excited by association; he had, I found from the father, been her instructor in writing and arithmetic: in fact, the only preceptor she had ever had. When the old gentleman reentered the room, joy sat triumphant on his features, and he exclaimed, "I have just made an excellent bargain; I have purchased an estate for five thousand pounds, which I can sell to-morrow for four times the sum; it has been mortgaged to me these ten years; compound interest was due upon it; but now, my lad, it is all my own—signed, sealed, and made over, according to the legal forms."

"And what spendthrift, sir, (if it is not impertinent) has thus degraded himself and ancestors?" I asked, in an eager tone of voice.

"Oh! as to degradation!" replied the money-lender, "that is an obsolete term, and out of the fashionable vocabulary. If a young nobleman, whose expences require more money to support them than his father thinks necessary, has by accident a pretty estate left him by a loving old grandmother, or an antiquated maiden aunt, I see no

impropriety in his first mortgaging it, and afterwards selling it out and out; a term applied by men in our line of business, and which you will hereafter perfectly comprehend. But pray, Davie, now tell me what you think of my bonny Jane?"

"I think, sir, that the appellation of bonny does not sufficiently describe my cousin's personal charms."—"There you are wrong, my lad," said Mr. Mackintosh, interrupting me, without suffering me to close my sentiment; "for bonny, according to a Scotchman's opinion, conveys the idea of an assemblage of female charms."—"Yet, in a wife, my dear sir," I continued, "I should wish to find something beyond a dazzling complexion or sparkling eyes."

"True," rejoined Mr. Mackintosh, "you would wish to have a woman not only display passive obedience to her husband's commands, but to be able to please your palate; and not have it said, that God provides meat, and the devil cooks. No, no, you need have no fears of that kind; for Jenny is thoroughly mistress of the culinary art, to make use of a new-fangled expression, or rather one that I used to hear the Duke of H——— always chuse. I never, for my part, waste money upon my body, either external, or internally; but my friends are so kind as to send me presents of the greatest delicacies, and Doll having been as it were apprentice to a man-cook, knows how to dress them in the highest taste. But this is not all, for my girl far exceeds her mother, not only in cookery, but many other things; she reads as well as our parson, and writes as good a hand as any lady in the land. Donald has taken a world of pains with her, and all her learning comes from him."

"But do not you think, sir, that whilst Donald was teaching my artless relation reading and arithmetic, he may likewise have given her a few lessons in the art of love?" I inquired, with a smile upon my countenance, which at once excited rage and indignation.

"What are you grinning at, blockhead?" he exclaimed, in a furious tone. "Do you suppose that my daughter dare to fall in love without my leave?" then opening the door before I could prevent him, he loudly vociferated—"Jane! Jane! did that sneaking rascal, Donald, ever tell you he loved you?" inquired the exasperated father, in a thundering voice; play none of your tricks upon me, I will have no prevarication—Did he ever tell you that he loved you, I ask?"

I was in momentary expectation of seeing him strike the poor girl, whom he approached with a threatening air, with his trembling fist bent before her, as if he would have deprived her of existence at one stroke.

It was evident she was accustomed to these sallies of ungoverned fury; for, instead of sinking before him with terror, she said, "La, papa, what can have put you into such a passion? Why could you not ask one a civil question, without bending your fist, as if you was going to knock a body down."—"Answer me, I say, hussey! and dont speak another word to me; did Donald ever tell you he loved you."

"Yes, a hundred, and a hundred times; yet how was I to answer you, when you desired me not to speak a word."—"The villain! the rascal! the vagabond! the reprobate! I'll this instant turn him out of doors," vociferated the indignant father; calling Donald, in a voice that might have been heard at the distance of one hundred yards. Donald, however, was not within hearing. The old gentleman threw himself into an easy chair, but the unusual violence of the motion disjointed the limb, which had been spliced together, and the victim of ungoverned fury fell with his head against the corner of the fender. A copious stream of blood issued from the temple, which so alarmed the artless girl, that she uttered so piercing a cry, that her mother and the maid servant instantly rushed into the room. The terrified Jane threw her arms round the neck of her bleeding father, and actually kissed the wound;

Dorothy likewise burst into as violent an exclamation of sorrow, as if he had been one of the most tender and affectionate husbands; and, in short, I was the only rational person in the room.

I instantly got a bason and cold water, and began washing away the blood, which continued to flow with such rapidity, that I requested a surgeon might be called in; to which the wounded man strongly objected, declaring I might as well send for an undertaker at once, well knowing those rascals, as he termed them, played into each others hands.

(To be continued.)

EPISTOLARY CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from page 207.)

Monday evening.

MRS. COLVILLE TO MISS COLVILLE, AT C. PEMBERTON'S, ESQ. EUSTON LODGE, SUFFOLK.

THE sudden manner in which you quitted the castle, my beloved Louisa, united to the melancholy event which occasioned your unexpected departure, threw my mind into such a state of agitation, that I was incapable of giving you any maternal advice, or laying down the slightest rule for your conduct, although fully aware that your future happiness, or misery, will in great measure depend upon the circumstances which (I am persuaded) will occur from this at once mournful and friendly visit*. Scarcely, my dear girl, had I felt the joy of meeting, when fate decreed

* The sudden death of the elder Miss Pemberton had so deeply affected the spirits of her amiable sister, that the parents of that too susceptible young lady solicited Mrs. Colville to allow her daughter to pass a few weeks at the lodge.

that we should again be separated; yet, to have refused the requst of two worthy friends, at such a moment, was impossible; and I have only to hope, that your society will prove a balm to dear Ellen's wounded spirits. How is that amiable girl; and how do her worthy parents support the sad, the unexpected shock? May that Being, who has thought proper to afflict them, endow them with fortitude to sustain the dreadful stroke.

Dreadful indeed! for to lose a beloved child, at any period of existence, is one of the hardest trials human nature can support; but when they come to Emma's, or your age, my dearest Louisa, it is like draining the vital current from the heart. The drops of sympathy flow so fast, that I must quit the melancholy subject, or the sentiments I express will not be legible.

You will be surprised, and hurt, at hearing your brother and myself had an (I will not make use of the vulgar term quarrel, but substitute that of) altercation in the place, in consequence of your leaving the castle, and behaving, what he termed unpardonably rude, to your guest. He returned from Sir Charles Hotham's about two hours after you left the castle, and, as usual, flew up to your apartment, and found Lady Charlotte kindly assisting me in replacing your drawings in the port-folios. "Your ladyship is giving my slatternly sister," said he, smiling, "a tacit reproof for inattention; what a room has she left, I must bring her into better order; her table resembles the counter of a printseller's shop."

"Your sister is rather to be pitied, than blamed, for what you term inattention," replied Lady Charlotte; "her mind was too much agitated by the sudden summons she received, or rather by the melancholy event that occasioned it, for her to think of drawings, or any thing else, but her journey."

"Journey!" repeated Edward, gazing at us both with astonishment. "Yes, my dear Edward," I replied, "your sister is gone into Suffolk;" relating at the same time

the sudden death of Emma, and the dreadful state of mind to which her sister was reduced; and concluding my recital, by informing him that Mrs. Pemberton's brother had been the relater of the distressing news, and had kindly come in the carriage, for the purpose of protecting and accompanying you to the lodge.

"I lament poor Emma's death," said he, in a tone of but little sympathy; "but surely, ma'am, the living had some claim upon my sister; and I am astonished you did not perceive the impropriety of Louisa leaving her visitor. I protest I am actually petrified with astonishment, and can scarcely credit what I hear."

"Your sister and myself are friends, Lord Colville," said her ladyship, in an impressive tone of voice; "and that is surely sufficient to set form and ceremony aside; had Miss Colville not yielded to my intreaties, I certainly should have quitted the castle; for I could not have enjoyed one moment of happiness, had I been the means of detaining her: therefore smooth your angry brow, and endeavour to make yourself agreeable; for resentment does not become your lordship's features."

"That angelic smile does yours, however," replied Edward, endeavouring to conquer his chagrin; but the moment Lady Charlotte retired to her own apartment, he remonstrated with me upon the impropriety of your journey, in what I thought injudicious language, and in such as I never before heard him utter. I love my children far dearer than existence, but I never will forget the respect due to me as a parent; and I took care to remind your brother of it, who instantly acknowledged himself wrong, implored my forgiveness, and dropped a tear of filial affection upon my hand.

This circumstance convinced me, that Lady Charlotte is dearer to your brother than he has thought proper to acknowledge; for it was the fear your absence should be the means of inducing her ladyship to leave the castle, that soured his temper, and made him forget his duty, and re-

spect; but the moment he found she intended honouring me with her company, he was my own Edward again.

And now, my beloved Louisa, let me revert to the subject with which I commenced my letter, and lay down a few rules for your conduct during your stay at the lodge. That Augustus Pemberton is partial to you, his whole conduct, even from a mere boy, has convinced me; but I have not been able to discover whether his affection is returned; you meet him, it is true, with evident pleasure, yet not equal to that which you display at the unexpected appearance of your brother. Had nature formed you with an apathy of disposition, my Louisa, or did it possess any degree of coldness, I should think that even the sentiment of partiality you feel towards Augustus Pemberton, sufficient to insure your happiness in the marriage state; but, with a mind all feeling and sensibility, as yours is, I should be grieved at seeing its destiny united to that of any man, for whom you did not display the most decided preference; for though there are many persons who jog through life together, without experiencing the refinements of affection, or the pangs which arise from dissimilarity of taste and disposition, yet my Louisa was never formed for that state of indifference; and whenever you enter into a connubial engagement, it will either be the means of insuring your happiness, or totally destroying your peace.

From the various hints I received from Mrs. Pemberton, I am persuaded her son has made her the confident of his attachment; and I have no doubt, but, during your visit, he will very fully declare himself. I am therefore anxious, my dear girl, to prepare you for this declaration, that, previous to it, you may have an opportunity of examining the real state of your heart. Lady Charlotte assures me you have formed no attachment in London; and, with an arch smile, informed me, she thought nature had designed you both for a state of celibacy.

With the wishes of your brother, respecting his favourite Mr. Barker, he has (since I began this letter), informed

me, he made you acquainted; and the desire he had, that you and this truly respectable young man, should enjoy the society of each other, is one of the reasons he assigned for displaying so much displeasure at your friendly visit to the lodge. Augustus, amiable as he is, was never one of Edward's favourites; he considers him too tame, and too insipid for his taste; and, when I remarked the sweetness of his temper, and the delicate attention he displays towards his family, he replied, "Surely man was born to perform higher duties than these; duties that do not interfere with the domestic virtues either of father, husband, or son. Pemberton, my dear mother, would have shone as a female character; and all who know him are ready to allow he is a good hearted fellow; he can play upon the flute, translate one of Petrarch's sonnets, and his imagination has converted my sister into a Laura; but, if she should ever unite her destiny with this would-be Petrarch, she will too late find a wide distinction in their characters. She will in vain look for a companion capable of drawing forth those shining qualities nature has bestowed upon her, or of informing her understanding upon more scientific subjects; and then painfully acknowledge, that something more is required than those placid virtues, which I readily allow Pemberton to possess."

As this conversation passed between us within twenty minutes, I have related it not only correctly, but with minuteness; not even wishing to bias you in Mr. Barker's favour, or to prejudice you against Augustus; for neither may be the men destined to become the husband of my Louisa, or she may even never meet with one to whom she can become tenderly attached.

Tuesday morning.

You have frequently heard me observe, I considered no character so despicable as that of a coquet; and on that account it is that I have so fully expatiated upon a subject, that interests my tenderest feelings. If you prefer Augustus Pemberton to any other young man of your acquaint-

ance—if you feel time hang heavy in his absence, or fly with rapidity in his presence—if you are uneasy at observing him pay attention to other females, and in those females discover a variety of imaginary failings, rest assured you then are sufficiently attached to him to enter into an irrevocable engagement. But, on the other hand, if his accomplishments amuse, and his polite attentions are merely pleasing; if, when he quits your society, you experience no solicitude, or think the moments drag heavily along, you merely regard him as a pleasing acquaintance, and a polished young man. In the latter case, hesitate not a moment; acknowledge the compliment he has paid you, by preferring you to all other young women; and assure him, in the most decided manner, that though you can never receive his visits as a lover, you shall ever consider him in the light of a friend. In that capacity, advise him to shun your society for a short period, for love, though the most ungovernable of passions, cannot long subsist without hope; and assure him, that by changing the scene, and mixing with other young ladies, he will soon surmount an ill-placed regard.

In giving this advice, my dear girl, you must be careful to banish the most distant idea of hope; he will, in all probability, implore you to allow him only the gratification of paying you attention; but here I must assume a mother's authority, and tell you, that you must either accept or reject Augustus; for nothing is so injurious to a young woman's character as that of having danglers in her train. Should the attentions of Augustus be agreeable to you, inform him that marriage is out of the question, until you are of age; and deeply do I lament the necessity of expressing my sentiments upon the subject, so long before that sacred engagement can take place. A wife, my dear girl, has many serious and important duties to learn, of which you, who have scarcely finished your education, must be totally ignorant; and never will I accompany the child of my fondest affection to the altar, until I consider her capable

of performing them to their fullest extent. There is, doubtless, something truly romantic in the idea of a young man falling desperately in love with the original of a portrait, on which he had been exercising his taste; but strange as it may appear, your brother assures me this has been Mr. Barker's case.

I will, however, rather trace the origin of this attachment to fraternal fondness; for Edward acknowledges, that affection often induced him to make you the subject of their confidential discourse; and as he is not apt to be lukewarm in his descriptions, he doubtless represented you as a Phœnix in the present fashionable world. Be it as it may, the poor young man has appeared quite disconsolate at your sudden departure; even the society of the amiable Lady Charlotte does not compensate for your loss; he yesterday evening intreated her to play that beautiful Welsh air you delighted us with about two hours before your departure; and rising to draw the harp towards her ladyship, he discovered your glove hanging upon it, which he hastily slipped into his bosom, imagining, as his back was towards us, the act was not observed. I remarked, without appearing to notice the action; and as trifles are allowed to prove respect, I think they likewise evince affection; and I confess, my dear Louisa, it would afford me real pleasure to see you attached to that exalted young man. The more I see of, the more I admire his character; for, to true dignity of sentiment is united all the polish of a highly-finished gentleman; and his conduct in the late engagement was so highly meritorious, that his rank, as post captain, was announced in Saturday's gazette. A letter from the first lord of the admiralty arrived about two hours after your departure, informing him he was appointed to the command of the Thetis; but as that frigate is now undergoing a thorough repair at Portsmouth, he will, in all probability, remain your brother's guest some weeks.

Friday morning.

Just as I concluded the last sentence, my attention was roused by seeing three carriages and four drive full speed up the avenue; and, my window being open, I distinctly heard Sir Charles Hotham, as he descended from the first, order William to have your brother's instantly prepared. It immediately struck me that poor Sir Richard had paid the debt of nature; and so it actually proved, and Sir Charles happened to be at the house of the worthy baronet at the moment he expired. As soon as decency would allow, he quitted it, and drove to Lord Bristol's and Mr. Clavering's, both of whom testified their attachment to your brother, by accompanying him to the castle. The important business of canvassing commenced as soon as Edward could accompany them, which he did with a mixture of hilarity and regret; for though a seat in the house of commons is a most desirable distinction, yet my son dropped a tear to the memory of his esteemed friend. An opponent in this business was wholly unexpected, yet one has started up, in the person of a Mr Sinclair, a man just returned from the East Indies, rich as the mines that country boasts. Money, to this nabob, my dear Louisa, from what I hear of his profusion, is of little more consequence than dirt; he has opened houses of entertainment almost in every village through which the electors are obliged to pass; yet your brother, I believe, is sure of being member; at least, so all his zealous friends declare.

My mind, notwithstanding, has, for the last three days, been in such a painful state of anxiety, that I found myself unable to conclude my letter: Lady Charlotte is all kindness and consideration, and takes as warm an interest in the business as if Edward was her brother. The dread I feel, least the fatigue he necessarily encounters should prove injurious to his health, induces me almost to lament that his friends should have suggested the idea of his being a

senator. The castle, without being a scene of riot, is certainly one of confusion; tables are spread both in the dining parlour and hall, where all the neighbouring farmers and freemen are regaled with roast and boiled beef, fillets of veal, hams, &c. &c. whilst the poor old earl's favourite October at once cheers and warms their hearts. This ordinary, my dear Louisa, was opened at the castle, on Wednesday, at three o'clock; and it really would astonish you, was I to relate the quantity of victuals which has been devoured; for as no houses of entertainment are opened by your brother, all his party have received a general invitation.

Poor Susan's remarks afford Lady Charlotte so much amusement, that I frequently find them in close conversation; and as to old Mr. Simpson, he really seems to have taken a fresh lease of his life. Though Edward implored him to give up the care of the cellar to the bailiff, he replied, "No, my lord; I have now been butler in this family five and forty years, and never deserted my post, sick or well, as I may say; and I will not do it upon such a joyful occasion as this.—Simpson may, and is, going down hill; but he will never give up his post to any man."

In short, my beloved Louisa, our house resembles a tavern: yet, in justice to all its daily visitors, I must observe, without the racket and noise, for I have not seen a single individual intoxicated, though all are at liberty to regale themselves as they please.

I shall impatiently long for a letter, though of the safety of your arrival at the lodge I do not harbour the slightest doubt: offer my kindest wishes to the unhappy family; and assure yourself of the affection of your fond mother,

E. COLVILLE.

A LETTER,

Addressed to a Female who had been the Victim of an illicit Amour; the Author having prevailed upon her to Retire to her Friends and Relatives in the Country.

YOU are now, Mary, happily, quitting a state of casual subsistence for the tranquil independence of family association and domestic comfort; you are now about to be restored to the connection of your relatives, and the tender solicitude of your early friends; you are resolved to quit a course of unlicenced pursuits, for one prudent and praiseworthy. Heaven grant for ever! May the tranquil innocence of country habits estrange your mind from the recollection of past improprieties! May innocence and unaffected purity be your future lot! May deception, the creature of self-disapprobation and disappointment, never dare to intrude upon your thoughts! May future correctness cancel all the improvidence of the past! May the everlasting gates of mercy, which were never closed against repentant frailty, open wide to send forth seraphic consolation to your remaining hours! May you be happy!

Should unexpected disappointment, however, arise to you; remember, how far so ever distant, you have *one* friend, who will ever readily assist you in the paths of rectitude: whose hand and heart, he trusts, have been, and will still continue open, to relieve unmerited misfortune; but whose mind rejects with horror the bare suspicion of lending aid to confirmed depravity. I may be unguarded in my conduct, Mary, but, I trust, I am not vicious.

You have told me, that, in your greatest difficulties, and some of your most trying scenes, you have sought and ever found consolation in the sacred writings. Let those constantly be your refuge, if ill-fortune should require it. Religion will inspire hope; hope will inspire exertion; and exertion, supported by religion, will insure success.

When your mind, Mary, shall be happily once more re-

stored to the calm dignity of self-approbation, by the peaceful habits of domestic association, thank that Supreme Being, whose benignant influence hath been extended to snatch you from the paths of wretchedness.

I have contemplated very many of the loveliest of your sex, from the highest pinnacle of worldly splendour to the lowest state of abject poverty. Gradual has been their constant decline, and imperceptible to themselves the periods of their declension; for progressive application to the opiate of liquor imposed a stupor that ever prevented contemplation: and the child of playful innocence and parental affection, becoming the unfortunate victim of early seduction, sunk, systematically, into the aged haggard of infamy, disease, and wine: the prison, the penitentiary-house, or the parish hospital, becoming the last asylum of her wretchedness.

Thank heaven! Mary, I have not the dishonour of seduction to sit heavy on my heart by day, or awaken my slumbers by night. Had we been able to have continued our connection, as it first began, the spirits of the blessed might have looked down on our caresses, and not murmured at our bliss, though no holy rite had sanctioned them.

I ever hoped, by gentle admonition and unassuming attention, to wean you to your native notions of honour and appropriate pride. If I have led you back to the paths of propriety, I have paved your way to the temple of peace. To that temple, perhaps, we may, at no distant period, be allowed to pass, hand in hand, and partake together of its pure felicity. Till when, let a full communication of our thoughts continue; for it will not make us the less fit for the enjoyment of future hours of reciprocal affection and associated happiness. Let me hear how your friends receive you; how you spend your time in P——; and, as circumstances happen, you shall hear of the worldly occurrences of yours, faithfully, THISMIAMES.

THE BARON'S WEDDING.

(Continued from page 188.)

The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attained
By sense alone and dignity of mind.

Armstrong.

THE important day at length arrived, which was to decide the fate of the artless Editha. Valentine had resigned his hopes; and though he secretly pined with the anguish of disappointed love, he struggled to conceal his feelings, and so far succeeded, as to baffle even the keen penetration of the baron, who, pleased with his gentleman-like manners, and perhaps feeling a secret desire to display his magnificence to a stranger, invited him to partake of the festivities at the castle, to which Valentine, though rather reluctant, assented. The ceremony was to be performed in the chapel of the castle, by the clergyman of the diocese, and an apartment was fitted up for the reception of Maud and Editha, which was adjoining the bridal chamber; Valentine remained in the cottage.

At an early hour the village bells rung merrily, and the gates of the castle were thrown open for the admission of six young villagers, who, according to the custom of feudal times, were portioned by the baron to commemorate the happy event. Editha, who had passed a sleepless night, arose languid and depressed; a thousand apprehensions depressed her spirits; she feared that the baron might not always remain submissive and unassuming as he was at present. She loved and respected him as the guardian of her helpless years; but she felt not those emotions of lively tenderness which was displayed by the simple rustics with whom she had associated, and which she believed herself capable of feeling for one more her

equal in age and circumstances. Maud was in raptures with the magnificent wardrobe prepared for her darling; and as she exultingly displayed it, she exclaimed, "Mercy and goodness—here's grandeur! White satin, trimmed with point lace, as I hope to be saved; and a pearl stomacher too. Oh, dear! little did I dream of seeing such a day as this. And what is here, I wonder? A watch! oh, blessed virgin! do, my dear Editha, hold it, for I am in such an agitation, I shall certainly let it fall, and dash it in pieces. My hands are not fit to touch any thing so beautiful."

Editha surveyed her new wardrobe with more composure, and felt a sensation of timidity, that such a costly dress would but ill become her. "Dear mother," said she, turning to the glass which reflected her lovely features in all their unadorned charms, "I shall never know how to move in all these fine ornaments: to my mind, now, a plain blue camblet, with a chip hat, and a wreath of simple flowers, would suit me much better; I should feel more at ease."

"Nonsense, child; my lady, I mean; who ever heard of camblet for a wedding? Why, even I am to have a rich brocade suit, and a very handsome lappet cap. The baron even hinted that I should remain in the castle, if I pleased, and do nothing but wait on you."—"Keep me company, I suppose you mean, Maud," replied Editha, rather seriously; "the baron could never mean you to wait on me."—"And why, prithee, now; I am not so old but I can do what little you want, I warrant me."

"Dear Maud," cried the agitated Editha, "I shall never suffer any such thing; you shall be my companion, my friend, my mother, still." The poor old woman, melted to tears by this affectionate address, clasped her arms round the lovely orphan, and kissed her tenderly. At that moment a summons from the baron compelled them to descend to the saloon, where the morning repast was in readiness. As Editha entered, arrayed in her

bridal habit, and blooming in all the luxuriance of youth, beauty, and modesty, Valentine fixed his eyes on her, with an expression of rapture which he could not conceal; he rose to lead her to the chair which was placed for her near the baron; but as his hand touched hers, a sudden faintness came over him; a paleness overspread his features; and with a constrained bow, he relinquished her hand to the baron, who had advanced to receive her. The baron was struck with the alteration which dress had made in the person of Editha; and he was too much absorbed in admiration of his bride, to observe the emotion of Valentine. Not so Editha; oppressed by the scrutiny of the baron, and concerned for the visible indisposition of Valentine, she felt awkwardly situated; a few unguarded expressions which had escaped the impetuous young Englishman, had, in part, revealed a secret, which his present agitation completely disclosed; and, unable to conceal the contending emotions of surprise, regret, and timidity which assailed her, she fainted away in the arms of Maud.

The baron was much alarmed; but attributing it merely to her bashfulness and confusion, he exerted himself in procuring every necessary restorative, and she soon revived sufficiently to repair to the chapel, in which the solemn ceremony was performed. Valentine expressed the usual congratulations with a faltering voice, and entreated permission to retire, pleading a sudden indisposition as an excuse. The baron vainly entreated him to remain at the castle, but Valentine positively declined the invitation, and immediately returned to the cottage, where he packed up his small remaining stock; and having engaged Clodio to carry it for him to the next village, bade a mournful adieu to the neighbourhood of Valdemona, determining to set off at an early hour the next day for Naples, in which city he had several connections of rank and fortune. The baron, solicitous to please his bride, conducted her over the castle, shewing her the numerous apartments which

were worthy of inspection. Editha, though she assented to the commendations of the baron, felt little interest in the survey; her imagination was wandering from the subject to which he called her attention, and, pleading fatigue, she at length persuaded the baron to return to the saloon.

Finding the young baroness not much inclined to conversation, Valdemona turned to Maud, who, by the urgent desire of Editha, had been suffered to remain with them. "Come, my good friend," said he, "we have now a day before us, therefore we shall have time for the interesting account you once prepared to give me. I am anxious to hear every particular concerning my beloved Editha; I feel a secret conviction that she is of no mean origin. "Lack-a-day," replied Maud, "Did not I always say so. Well, let me see, I will tell you as near as I can all that passed on the night when Editha—I beg her ladyship's pardon; when the baroness was brought to my poor cottage."—"About sixteen years ago, I think you said," observed the baron. "Aye, my lord, about that time I was at work, as I told you, and I heard a gentle rap at my window. I was frightened, sure enough; for it was not long before that time that all the inhabitants of the village had been terrified by some strange reports." The baron frowned; "I wish not to hear the superstitious legends of the village gossips," said he, somewhat sternly; "you told me before thus far; who was at the door?"—"A strange cavalier, my lord, and he held a lovely infant in his arms. I was too much astonished to speak, so in he came; and seizing me rather roughly by the arm, said, 'Woman, are you a mother?'—'Blessed be the virgin, I am,' said I, and I pointed to my own babe in the cradle. 'Then,' said the stranger, 'you can feel for the anxious feelings of a parent, who wishes to consign her helpless infant to your care.'—'Goodness-a-mercy,' cried I, 'I can hardly provide for my own!'—'The means shall not be wanting,' said the strange gentleman, shewing me a purse;

'this shall be frequently replenished, if you will promise to keep the little Editha safe till she is again demanded at your hands.' Well, my lord, I hesitated at this queer proposal. The man rose with vehemence; 'If,' said he, 'you refuse, a dreadful fate awaits the infant.' I shuddered at the terrible idea; and taking the babe in my arms, promised I would do as he required; and from that hour I have neither seen nor heard from him. He has not been so good as his word; however, I lost my own poor child, and I soon loved Editha as well, and joyfully shared with her my homely pittance till this blessed day, when your excellency has rewarded her goodness by making her a great lady." The baron was much disappointed at this recital, as it threw no light on the subject of Editha's birth; and all his conjectures as to the neighbouring nobility were inconclusive; for so carefully had the parents of Editha concealed every vestige which might have betrayed their secret, that they had merely wrapped the infant in a piece of flannel, leaving it to Maud to clothe it as her own. The remainder of the day was devoted to hilarity, and at an early hour the guests retired. Editha was conducted to the state-chamber by her faithful and attached Maud, who again renewed her congratulations, and respectfully, though affectionately, embraced her; and then feeling disinclined to visit her own large and dreary apartment so very early, repaired to the hall, in which the vassals were assembled, making merry with the good cheer which the baron had ordered for them with unsparing liberality. They had not long enjoyed themselves, before a loud alarm was given by the baron, who, on repairing to his chamber, had found it deserted; part of the dress of the baroness lay scattered about the room, her missal was open on the table of the oratory, and her watch was suspended at the head of the bed. The baron, almost frantic with rage and terror, ordered every apartment to be carefully searched. His orders were obeyed. Old Ursula, the prattling housekeeper, fell into alarming fits, and all the

domestics seemed struck with dismay and horror; the weeping Maud, clasping her hands together, protested that the wicked Englishman must have been concerned in some stratagem to carry the baroness away; and the baron, eagerly catching at the suggestion, instantly resolved on pursuing him, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour.

(To be continued.)

WHICH IS THE HYPOCRITE?

A DRAMA.

(Continued from page 140.)

ACT II.—SCENE I.

An illuminated Hall in the Castle.

The guests enter in masquerade dresses: among them Madame Montauban in the habit of a Pilgrim, Alphonsine as a Savoyard, and Michael as a Mountaineer; Count Valdemona, accompanied by Theodore, enter at an opposite door; the music strikes up, and the company arrange themselves for a dance. Alphonsine and Michael mingle with the rest, while Madame retires to a recess, in which a sopha is placed, and seems lost in thought.

Jerome.—(Aside, to the Baron)—See, my lord, yonder sits Madame Montauban; she joins not the revellers; she seems absorbed in gloomy reveries, and to my thinking meditates mischief.

Count.—Is that the person you spoke of this morning? Retire; I would have some conversation with her. *(Approaches Madame, who offers to rise.)* Nay, gentle pilgrim, let not my intrusion occasion you disturbance; sad and

weary, perhaps, has been your journey: at what shrine would you pay your devotion?

Pilgrim.—At the shrine of justice, count; she has been long banished hence, and I scarcely know where to seek her.

Count.—Then change your deity, and bend your knee to the goddess who presides this night; her name is pleasure.

Pil.—Alas! she smiles but to beguile; she dresses the face of man with transient gleams of joy, while he is secretly the victim of anguish and self reproach.

Count.—*(Aside.)*—This woman talks strangely.——Have you journeyed far?

Pil.—Far enough to see hypocrisy flourish, and humble virtue droop beneath the chilling influence of neglect and prejudice.

Alphonsine approaches, followed by Theodore, who importunes her to dance with him; she throws herself on a seat by Madame, without noticing the Count.

Alphonsine.—Pray, Madame, make my apologies to this gentleman; his earnestness distresses me; I really cannot comply with his request.

Count.—*(Starting.)*—Good God, that voice! Madame Montauban, inform me, I entreat you, who is this young stranger?

Madame.—My daughter, Count; a simple inexperienced rustic, who speaks her sentiments without reserve, even at the risk of offending Count Theodore.

Theodore.—I am extremely concerned at perceiving that I am an object of aversion to her.

Count.—*(Resentfully.)*—Of aversion, Theodore! You express yourself strangely; the caprices of a young female are not to be considered so seriously; and if the lady in question is insensible to your attentions, be assured she is but acting according to the instructions she has received.

Mad.—*(Rising.)*—Perhaps you are right, my lord. Count Theodore's attentions were unexpected and unsought; and therefore, least further offence should be taken—permit us to withdraw.

Theod.—Dear Madame, here must be some misunderstanding. Permit me to mediate; nor think of punishing us, for a few inadvertent expressions, by the mortifying loss of your society.

Mad.—Your gallantry, sir, is misapplied; and permit me to say, that however much I might feel inclined to esteem and admire the perfections of your character, there are circumstances which must make me unceasingly regret that such perfections exist.

Theod.—Your observation is a mystery to me.

Mad.—It must remain so. But we detain you from your company, my lord.

Count.—May I request the favour of a conference with you to-morrow morning, madame?

Mad.—Excuse me, my lord; I see no company.

[*Count bows, and retires.*

Theod.—After my uncle's denial, it would be presumption in me to make a similar request.

Mad.—Unquestionably, sir, you would receive the same answer.

Theod.—I must submit to your decision, however repugnant to my feelings. Adieu, madame; should chance ever favour our meeting again, I hope I shall find you more lenient towards me. The sweetness and accomplishments of your charming daughter have inspired me with sentiments which can never be erased; but I will never obtrude my officious attentions, where I find them so obviously unwelcome. [*Retires.*

Mad.—Come, my love, we will return home; the unmeaning nonsense of this young man seems to have depressed your spirits: but they are mere words of course, which men of his rank in life address to every new object,

See Michael approaches, he will soon restore your cheerfulness. Where have you been, you rover?

Michael.—(Singing.)—" Oh! how merrily the rested traveller "——Come, my pretty Agnes; you have not used me well, after all the nice songs we sung together, and which drew such crowds about us; to desert me at last, oh, fie, fie! But I am jealous, Count Theodore has rivalled me, I fear.

Alphon.—How idly you talk, Michael; you know that I dislike Theodore beyond all men. Besides, if I admired him, what would that avail? his rank is far above mine.

Mad.—Let us depart; we shall be observed. Michael, order the carriage. Come, Alphonsine; I declare you linger. See, see, Theodore is watching us; he bows—we must return it. Come, come; that will do. Now Alphonsine. [*Exeunt.*

After a dance the company separate.

The Count and Theodore are discovered in conversation.

Theod.—Do not you think her a charming girl?

Count.—I confess I admire her; but there was a peculiar tone in her voice, which strangely affected me. She dances admirably.

Theod.—And sings most touchingly.

Count.—Her figure is finely formed.

Theod.—I would give the world to see her face.

Count.—But their insolence is unbearable.

Theod.—There seems to be a secret.

Count.—I will discover it. But see, my presence is required at the supper table. Come, Theodore.

[*Exit Count.*

Theod—I will follow, my lord. Thank heaven, I did not rashly sign that paper. This sudden prepossession has given a new turn to my thoughts. But Hypollita loves me; and can I be such a villain as to forsake her? Oh, no! perish the base idea. 'Tis a mere frolic—childish folly, of which one night's rest will cure me, no doubt.

Enter Servants in various directions.

Loud outcries are heard.

Servants.—Stop the villain! Secure him!

Theod.—Gracious heaven! what is the matter?

Serv.—Oh! sir, an assassin has stabbed my lord—he dies. Oh, help, help!

Theod.—Merciful God, is it possible! Have you not found the villain? How was he dressed?

Serv.—As a mountaineer. But my lord is too ill to explain. He stabbed him in the corridor leading to the supper room.

Theod.—While I lingered here; oh, horrid! My dear, dear uncle. [*Exit hastily.*

SCENE II.

The Count's Chamber.

Count Valdemona, supported by his attendants, while Theodore holds his hand, and gazes on him with extreme solicitude.

Theod.—What motive could the villain have for this deed?

Count.—I know not. I have injured no man.

Theod.—Are you sure it was the same?

Count.—As near as I can judge; no one was by me, when I felt the dagger, but the mountaineer; and his dress was the same as that of Michael.

Theod.—He shall be secured. Jerome, hasten to the chateau, and see that the wretch escapes not.

Jerome.—I will bring the whole family. Oh, the wretches! now we shall see—which is the hypocrite. [*Exeunt Jerome.*

Theodore lays the Count on a couch.——The Servants retire, and the Scene closes.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

PERHAPS the inclosed fragments of ancient epistolary correspondence, may not prove uninteresting to some of your readers; they present, in my opinion, a beautiful specimen of that laconic, yet expressive, style, which can scarcely be found in any modern production, however highly adorned with the flowers of literature: and as they are only to be met with in a very old and rare work, I flatter myself they will be favourably received.

CLIO.

LETTER I.

To Evenus.

WHEN I first took thy son prisoner, I intended to put him to death. Upon second thoughts, I had rather punish thee, by permitting him to live, than stain my hands with the blood of so worthless a fellow. Farewell.

PHALARIS.

LETTER II.

To Nicias.

You hate your son, for not being like yourself. Every body else loves him, for the same reason; learn from hence what the world thinks of each of you. Farewell.

PHALARIS.

LETTER III.

To his Son, Paurolus.

No, by all the gods! my Paurolus, I do not think thee profuse or extravagant. Since thou hast so noble a soul, thou shalt not be able to find friends worthy of thy bounties so fast as I will supply thee with money: where a young

man has so great a soul, it would be a shame if fortune should not enable him to follow his generous inclinations. Make no scruple to ask me for what sums you want; I shall never deny my son a part of my riches, since it is for his sake I am chiefly pleased I have acquired them; I am so far from blaming your bounty towards your friends, who are, I hear, men of merit, that I conjure you to continue it; you may depend, generous P——, upon having whatever sums you may ask of me. I think myself obliged to return you thanks for putting my money to so noble a use; and I bless the gods for giving me such a son.

PHALARIS.

LETTER IV.

To Agomentus.

You have refused the sum of gold which I lately sent you. It seems you started at the sight of it, and would not touch the money which came from a tyrant, stained with blood! Believe me, Agomentus, you are too severe and cruel, if you do not pity the hard fate of Phalaris. I aimed at power for no other reason but that I might have an opportunity of obliging my friends; but when, by the favour of the gods, I am now possessed of power, I find that I have no friend to oblige. You, who I once thought my friend, by refusing to share my fortune with me, have deprived me of the greatest satisfaction I proposed to myself amidst all the labours and hazards I endured; by refusing to accept my favours, you reduce me to the cruel necessity of bestowing those rewards which are alone due to virtue and merit, upon a worthless tribe of fools and flatterers. PHALARIS.

LETTER V.

To the Children of Stesichorus.

What consolation is so proper for you, as to put you in mind of that father's virtues, whose death you lament.

The hearse of Stesichorus ought not to be attended with tears, but hymns. When I entreat you to lay aside your grief, it is because I do not think Stesichorus a proper object of it; such lamentations should be made when those men die who did nothing in their life-time worthy of remembrance. This is not the case of Stesichorus, who has gained an immortal fame, and whose name will ever be dear to posterity. Behave yourselves, therefore, O illustrious offspring of Stesichorus, as becomes the children of such a father; do not lament over him, as a man, to whom the Himenaens have decreed the honours of a god! I think I knew him well enough to affirm, that he himself was far from repining at the approach of death; and that he bore it with the same constancy and strength of mind as those heroes had done before him, whose names he has celebrated in his divine poems. When he fell into my hands; while he had reason to believe me his implacable enemy, he shewed no signs of fear; on the contrary, he discovered, if possible, more courage, when a prisoner and in chains, than when he met me in arms and in the field. Thus wisdom triumphed over power, and the poet disarmed the tyrant. After I had been at vast expence, and had taken infinite pains to get him into my hands, I no sooner had him in my power, than, as if I had myself been the captive, I could do nothing but humbly entreat him to accept some marks of my esteem, and thank him, that he vouchsafed to receive them; I am so far from thinking that he became my debtor upon this account, or for those twelve years which he lived after I released him, that I shall for ever acknowledge myself the obliged person. Your father's great example not only taught me constancy, under the misfortunes of life, but how to despise death itself.

PHALARIS.

Such was the tyrant, Phalaris. With the most exalted sentiments and refined ideas of virtue, he brought odium

on his character, by the very means which he took to establish his fame; insatiate ambition led him through scenes of blood, to that power which afforded him little but remorse and inquietude.

THE DOMESTIC GUIDE.

NO. X.

TO MAKE JELLY FOR A CONSUMPTION.

TAKE a pound of hartshorn shavings, nine ounces of eringo-root, three ounces of isinglass, and four ounces of the powder of vipers; put all these ingredients into two Scotch pints of water, and let them boil to one pint; strain it through a sieve; and when it is cold, put it into a pan, with a gill of rhenish wine, half a pound of brown sugar-candy, the juice of two Seville oranges, and the whites of four eggs well beaten; boil them altogether for three or four minutes, then strain it through a jelly bag, and put it into small pots. The patient may take two glasses of it every day.

TO FRY OYSTERS.

MAKE a thick batter, as you would for pancakes, but much thicker, then take the largest oysters you can get, beard them, and have ready some crumbs of bread, mixed up with pepper and salt, and a little nutmeg, if agreeable; dip your oysters first into the batter, then into the crumbs, and throw them into your frying-pan, in which you must have a quantity of sweet lard boiling; when they seem fixed, take them out, and dip them again, as before; then fry them of a fine brown, and send them to table, with crisped parsley, melted butter in a boat, and sliced lemon.

TO KEEP FRENCH BEANS FOR USE IN THE WINTER.

GATHER the beans while they are young; strew a quantity of salt at the bottom of a jar, then lay in some of the beans, and strew in some more dry salt, and so continue until the jar is full, laying salt between every row of beans; as you place them, press them pretty hard with your hand, but not so as to break them. When the jar is full, tie them close with a bladder and a piece of leather. When you are going to use them, in the winter, take out what quantity you want, and lay them in fresh water some hours before you boil them; change the water two or three times to draw the salt out of them; dress them as usual. When boiling, throw into the water about a tea-spoonful of pearl-ash; it will make them both green and tender, and answers the same end with any sort of greens, without hurting any thing.

TO MAKE ELDER WINE.

LET your elder berries be quite ripe; put them into a stone jar, and set them in the oven, or in a kettle of boiling water, till the jar is hot through, then take the berries out, and strain them through a coarse sieve, squeezing them well; then put the juice into a clean kettle, to every quart of juice put a pound of fine Lisbon sugar, and two ounces of allspice; let it boil, and skim it well. When it is clear and fine, pour it into a cask, and to every ten gallons of wine, add an ounce of isinglass, dissolved in cyder, and six whole eggs; close it up, let it stand six months, and then bottle it for use.

TO POT ANY KIND OF FISH.

SCRAPE and clean them well, cut them in middling pieces, season them with salt and spices, pack them up close in a potting-pan, with plenty of butter above and

below; tie some folds of coarse paper on the top of the pan, then put it in a slow oven, and when they are hot through, take them out of the pan, and drain them well from the liquor, let them both cool; put the fish into small white pots, skim all the butter off the liquor, then take some more butter and melt down with it, and pour it on the fish, to keep out the air; tie the pot up closely.

TO TAKE STAINS OF INK OUT OF MAHOGANY OR OTHER WOOD.

POUR a few drops of spirits of salt upon the stain, let it remain till you perceive that the mark is burnt out, then wipe it clean; take a small quantity of fine brick-dust, soaked in linseed oil, and rub the place well, till it is nearly of its proper colour, then polish it with a waxed rubber, and it will soon wear like the rest.

TO MAKE FINE PATTIES.

TAKE any quantity of turkey, house lamb, or chicken, and slice it, with an equal quantity of the fat of lamb or kidney veal, and a few slices of ham, with a little parsley, thyme, and lemon-peel, shred fine, pound all these in a marble mortar, season it with salt and white pepper; make a fine puff paste, roll it out thin, and cut it with glasses or cups to the proper size, put your meat in the middle, close your crust, and wash the tops with the yolk of an egg, then bake them in a brisk oven about twenty minutes; make a little rich gravy, thickened with cream or butter, which may be poured into the patties when they come out of the oven.

THE LITERARY SPY.

NO. XVI.

A Circumstantial Report of the Evidence and Proceedings upon Mr. Wardle's Charges against his Royal Highness the Duke of York. Albion Press Edition. Sold by Vernor, Hood, and Sharpe, Poultry.

AMONG the numerous publications which this interesting subject has given rise to, the above-mentioned work has the most undoubted claim to pre-eminence. The haste in which the daily papers are composed, must necessarily occasion many inaccuracies and omissions, which must prove of some consequence to those who would wish to form an impartial judgment of characters and circumstances, without being in any degree prejudiced by party politics. That such investigation would be impossible, while deriving information only from the diurnal prints, few will deny; it is, therefore, the duty of every liberal mind to weigh, with deliberation and candour, the whole proceedings, grounded upon the best authority which can be procured, for which purpose we can unhesitatingly recommend the work in question. The whole of the speeches are detailed in the most correct manner. The letters and documents are authentic and interesting; and a variety of particulars are included, of material consequence, and which have not before met the public eye. The work is embellished with thirteen portraits, which are extremely well executed, and are striking likenesses; they comprise, his Royal Highness the Duke of York; Mr. Adam, a striking, and highly finished, portrait; Mr. Sheridan; Colonel Wardle, a capital engraving; Mr. Percival; Captain Huxley Sandon; Lord Folkstone; Sir Francis Burdett; Mr. Wilberforce, an animated likeness; Lord Henry Petty; Mr. Whitbread, a characteristic and highly

finished head; Mrs. Clarke; and Miss Taylor; the whole forming the most valuable and complete record of this unprecedented transaction which can possibly be compiled.

Chesterfield Travestie; or, School of Modern Manners.

This is a flimsy attempt at wit, which we cannot venture to recommend to any reader of understanding. It is intended as a satire on the very unceremonious manners of the present age; but it wants spirit to render it either amusing or instructive. We cannot deny that there are a few good passages, which may raise a smile, but they are few indeed; and when placed against the price of the work, we find that each smile costs at least a shilling. There are a few caricatures, which may enhance the value of the work to some purchasers, as they are not badly executed.

Asmodeus; or, the Devil in London.

Since the publication of Mr. Surr's "Winter in London," a certain class of novel writers have taken upon themselves to deal out slander with a liberal hand, though few have had the ingenuity to varnish it over with the beautiful gloss which taste and genius gives to every object. The grossest invective, and the most indelicate satire, supplies every other deficiency; and we are concerned to find that there are females capable of encouraging such vile productions. We cannot take upon ourselves to say, that the information of Asmodeus is to be relied upon, for if it is, his own regions cannot contain more infamy and vice than one square at the west end of the town. Humanity must shudder at the idea of a mother committing her newly born babe to the flames, in the grate of her own drawing-room; yet such a tale of horror is propagated by this demon of calumny. For the good of society, we would earnestly recommend it

to publishers to discountenance such productions; it is in their power to check this torrent of depravity, and it is their duty, as fathers, husbands, or brothers, to do so.

DRAMATIC RECORDS.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

THE recent calamity having obliged the Drury Lane company to make use of this small theatre, for a temporary accommodation, they have exerted themselves to render it as commodious as possible; and, with extraordinary dispatch, have got up a new play, gratuitously offered them by the author, Mr. Lee, which seems likely to raise his fame as a dramatic writer, and answer the generous purpose to which he applied the first efforts of his muse. It was presented, for the first time, on Friday, April 21, under the title of, "Grieving's a Folly." The dramatis personæ as follows:—

Mr. Herbert, Lord Mortimer	Mr. Siddons.
Sir Oliver Cypress	Mr. Dowton.
Captain Cypress	Mr. De Camp.
Mr. Belford	Mr. Powell.
Crape	Mr. Bannister.
O'Harralan	Mr. Johnstone.
Joe	Mr. Mathews.
Mrs. Mordaunt	Mrs. Powel.
Ellen	Mrs. H. Siddons.
Susan	Miss Kelly.

THE PLOT.

Mr. Herbert being called to England, to take possession of an estate and title which fell to him on the death of his relation, Lord Mortimer, leaves behind him a lovely and

beloved wife, and on his return to Italy learns, with extreme horror, that she has, during his absence, eloped with his friend, the Count D'Alembert. He pursues them to Florence; but not being able to overtake D'Alembert, he returns to England, and devotes himself to a life of misanthropic solitude. In his retirement he learns that his wife had died in child birth.

In the neighbourhood of the cottage which Lord Mortimer rents of Sir Oliver Cypress, resides an amiable youth, named Sedley, who is tenderly attached to the daughter of a farmer, and with this young man he forms a friendship, which leads progressively to the denouement. Ellen is the supposed daughter-in-law of O'Harralan, in whose house lodges a Mrs. Mordaunt, a woman of elegant and accomplished manners, and who interests herself in the education of Ellen. Sedley's uncle, a Mr. Belford, an early friend of Lord Mortimer's, was supposed to have been shipwrecked on his passage from the West Indies; he, however, arrives, having been only detained by the villany of a confidential clerk, who had embezzled part of his property, and fled to Bologna, whither Belford pursuing him, meets with D'Alembert, who, on his death-bed, makes an avowal of the innocence of Lady Mortimer, and the arts he had employed to decoy her from her home. Captain Cypress having formed a plot to carry off Ellen, endeavours to effect it by means of Crape, a meddling undertaker, who seems ready to undertake any black job. The scheme is frustrated by Lord Mortimer, who rescues Ellen. Mrs. Mordaunt, in search of Ellen, arrives at the same spot, and in her Lord Mortimer discovers his long-lost wife; and she informs him that Ellen is his own child. The union of the lovers is then agreed on, and the piece concludes.

The principal humour of the piece consists in the hypocritical display of grief which Sir Oliver Cypress assumes on the death of his wife, contrasted with the dignified melancholy of Lord Mortimer. Sir Oliver, to maintain a

sentimental reputation, affects to be half distracted, and watches the portrait of his deceased wife night and day, in a room hung with black; and when once detected in a fit of gallantry, kneeling to Ellen, he artfully turns to the picture of his wife, retaining the same enamoured countenance: the effect is highly comical. On the whole, the piece deserved the success it met with; and though the plot appears intricate in the detail, it is conducted with such simplicity and regularity, as to leave nothing unexplained. It is an interesting and lively comedy, and promises to have a long run. Johnstone, Bannister, and Dowton, had characters admirably adapted to their talents.

Observations on the Fashions.

VERY little novelty has appeared lately. White muslin seems to be banished from the fashionable circles; Andalusian washing silks, figured Italian gauze, or crape dresses, embroidered with chenille, have obtained the preference. The coldness of the weather renders pelisses still necessary; and until they are laid aside, little variety of costume can be expected. Brussels net, worked in imitation of lace, is worn for sleeves, tuckers, &c. Caps of lace and ribbon, ornamented with imitative geranium, hop, or primrose flowers. Watered ribbons are much worn; the prevailing colours are, pea green and straw colour in shades.

Cabinet of Fashion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

Fig. 1.—A round cambric dress, for walking; green sarcenet tippet, ornamented with puffings of white lace; white beaver Spanish hat, and feathers; buff gloves.

Fig. 2.—White sarcenet under dress, with a pink crape robe over it; cap of crape, and white lace; white kid shoes and gloves.

Sands, &c

LONDON DRESSES for MAY.

Published by Vernor Hood & Sharpe. Poultry May 1 1809.

BRITISH MUSEUM
OCT

THE APOLLONIAN WREATH.

OSMOND THE TYRANT.

A FEUDAL STORY.

(Concluded from page 221.)

SOON Osmond the Tyrant appear'd in the room,
Ere to sense and to feeling she came;
Sure a heart less obdurate would alter her doom;
But no ray of soft pity his soul doth illume,
For his passions still furiously flame.

She gaz'd wildly round when to reason restor'd;
The knight then the maiden address'd;
To soothe her he tried, with each flattering word,
He told her his love—a return then implor'd,
But in vain was the suit that he press'd.

Disgust seiz'd her mind, so unspotted and fair,
Emma fainted once more from her seat;
Swoon follow'd on swoon, and between them despair,
Her soul harrow'd up, while she rent her fine hair,
And her heart scarce perceptibly beat.

To behold her thus weaken'd, by anguish thus torn,
Of a savage the soul would have bled;
And that man sure with adamant heart must be born,
Who such beauty could see, so distressed, so forlorn,
And still to compassion be dead.

* * * * * *

* Let oblivion's dark curtain here tenderly drop,
Over truths far too horrid to name;
For his vicious career stern death only could stop,
Since while health affords to the wicked a prop,
They ne'er feel the impulse of shame.

Poor Emma, in anguish, soon number'd her days,
No friend left to soothe or to save;
In those peaceful realms of perfection and praise,
Whither Edwin is gone, now her blest spirit strays,
All her griefs find repose in the grave.

And Emma's poor father, bent double with grief,
Quickly hasten'd to follow her doom;
Whilst onwards he look'd with a Christian's belief,
Heav'n saw his sad state, and soon gave him relief,
For now silent he lies in the tomb.

From that hour Osmond ne'er knew a moment of rest,
And 'tis fit that the guilty should feel;
For if sleep clos'd his eyes, with dire dreams sore opprest,
Before him his victims stood plainly confest,
His past deeds of guilt to reveal.

Then starting from sleep, for assistance he calls;
His attendants arrive in dismay;
"Drive yon spectres away," in despair now he bawls,
"See, see, they will have me," then prostrate he falls,
And there, till they rais'd him, he lay.

Convuls'd is his form, and cold sweat bathes his brow,
His eyes he scarce dares to unclose;
"'Twas only a dream that deceiv'd me just now,
A weakness it was to alarm, I'll allow,
And again I will try to repose.

"But I charge you to watch me, and should you behold
My limbs with convulsions to move;
Should you see on my face perspiration run cold,
Oh! tear me from sleep, and to do it be bold,
If for Osmond you feel any love."

* The author will be so indulgent as to excuse our omission of a verse here; the subject may be imagined, rather than described.

Thus the wretched disturber of other men's peace,
Now deservedly lost all his own;
The balm of repose brought his horror's increase;
From the warnings of conscience he ne'er found release,
Since joy from his mansion had flown.

How sunk and abas'd such a villain appears,
No pity his fate can attend;
No sweet voice of mercy to soothe his wild fears,
His life no affection no tenderness cheers,
For on earth Osmond had not a friend.

He dreaded the coming of night's gloomy reign,
That to others brought comfort and rest;
To him it produc'd but distraction and pain,
And when day's bright ruler arose once again,
He still with no pleasure was blest.

Despair sat enthron'd on his terror-struck soul,
To madness almost he was driv'n;
A stranger to meek-ey'd religion's controul,
In the tortures of anguish his eyes oft would roll,
For he dar'd not look forward to heav'n.

Then soon he betook him to wine for relief,
And tried thus to drown all his care;
But drunkenness adds to the poignance of grief,
When reason return'd pictures wine as a thief,
Who but heightens the wretch's despair.

Osmond's mind could not long bear a shock so severe,
Thus piecemeal distracted and torn;
Reason's power gave way to distraction's career,
And insanity's fiends hover'd round ever near,
For his thoughts could no longer be borne.

As madness impell'd, he rush'd down by a stream,
To its brink he impetuously bore,
And guided along by the moon's silver beam,
He plung'd where the surface shone bright with its gleam,
And there sunk to rise never more!

Yet 'tis said, that his spirit will restlessly rove
Round the castle's old turrets and rooms;
At the drear midnight hour which pale spectres love,
Lamenting his crimes and his fate he will move,
And wander about 'mid the glooms.

And 'tis said, and believ'd, that as time flies away,
Once a year by the moon's placid beam,
His figure will take to the river its way,
And there, while the waters her radiance display,
He plunges, and sinks in the stream.

THE CLARKIUM SIDUS,

A NEWLY DISCOVERED STAR OF THE FIRST MAGNITUDE.

YE fam'd astronomers, whose art
Has with new stars supplied us;
Why did ye ne'er to us impart
The glorious Clarkium Sidus?

Oh, Herschel! whose grand telescope
Brings distant worlds beside us;
How comes it thou didst never ope
Our eyes to Clarkium Sidus?

Thy optic tube, throughout the sky,
We need no more to guide us;
From henceforth thou may'st lay it by,
Since we've found Clarkium Sidus.

In Georgium Sidus now no more,
As formerly, we pride us;
Nor on Napoleon Sidus pore,
Outshone by Clarkium Sidus,

Its aspect mild is our defence,
No evils can betide us,
While under the *strong influence*
Of the bright Clarkium Sidus,

O'er this blest isle we see it shine,
(Nay let not fools deride us),
And feel the influence divine
Of brilliant Clarkium Sidus.

Foul peculation's baleful sway,
Which so long did bestride us,
Is banish'd by the piercing ray
Of powerful Clarkium Sidus.

Henceforth, of base Napoleon's arts,
Who has so long defied us;
All fears are banish'd, and our hearts
Are cheer'd by Clarkium Sidus.

For should he venture here to come,
With all his hosts to ride us;
Our foot boys generals would become,
Transform'd by Clarkium Sidus.

Or should the Pope with ardour burn,
From our faith to divide us;
E'en Irish priests would bishops turn,
Such power has Clarkium Sidus.

Hail, brilliant star! henceforth to thee
We'll willingly confide us;
And for thy influence grateful be,
Resplendent Clarkium Sidus.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

BY JOHN MAYNE,

Author of the Poems of "Glasgow," and the "Siller Gun."

FIRST of the Spring, that smiles on me,
I pay my early court to thee!
But, well-a-day! how chang'd the scene
Since, erst, I hail'd thee on the green!

Then, life and love were in their prime—
Then, winter smil'd like summer-time!
Now, life and love are on the wing—
Now, winter riots in the spring!
And, e'en in summer, nought I see
But drizzling show'rs, and blights, for me;
With frequent coffins passing by—
Sad monitors that death is nigh!

Oh! when that solemn hour shall come
Which seals my passport to the tomb,
Be faith and resignation mine,
And, that sweet soother—hope divine!

First of the spring, that smiles on me,
Again I pay my court to thee;
May no rude hand profane thy sweets—
No caitiff bawl thee through the streets!
Or, if thou art displanted there,
To grace the bosom of the fair,
O! teach simplicity to them,
Who never knew the peerless gem!
Bid beauty emulate the bee,
And gather sweets from flow'rs like thee!
Tell those by error led astray,
That wisdom is the only way
Which leads to purity like thine—
Which leads to ev'ry grace divine!

LINES,

Addressed by Count O. a Polish Nobleman, to his Infant Boy sleeping.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

SLEEP, sleep in peace, seraphic boy,
Thou tender pledge of love sincere;
Thy wretched parents' only joy,
And now their only solace here;
May happier prospects welcome thee on earth,
Than those, alas! have known, who gave thy beauties birth.

The blushing hues, and crimson glows,
Which mantle on thy rosy cheek,
Thus lullaby'd to soft repose,
Thy soul's serenity bespeak;
No passions break thy gentle rest,
With cares thy tranquil heart distressing,
Calm is thy little infant breast,
And innocence, sweet boy, thy blessing:
No sad inquietude thy bliss beguiles,
For happy are thy days, and ev'ry moment smiles.

If ever down thy cherub face,
When some malignant ill appears,
The trickling drops each other chace,
And dim thy laughing eyes with tears;
Thy mother then, with folding arms,
As to her lips thy cheek she presses,
Will quickly sooth thy wild alarms,
And dry those tears in her caresses;
Thy little heart may ev'ry ill deride,
When to her bosom clasp'd, or cradl'd by her side.

As yet thou hast not learnt to share,
When told thy hapless parents' tale,
With them their griefs, or with a tear,
Thy country's miseries bewail;
Thou never yet, sweet boy, wast doom'd to prove
Perfidious friendship's pang, or sigh for slighted love.

No sad remembrance of the past
Has cross'd with cruelty unkind,
Thy infant memory, to blast
The sweetness of thy dawning mind;
No dread of future woe thy breast annoys,
Or with envenom'd sting its happiness destroys.

Sleep, smiling innocence, secure,
May heav'n's sustaining hand be near,
And aid thee calmly to endure
The evils which await thee here:

Or may thy heart a conscious peace acquire,
And happy in itself no other bliss desire.

H. C.

CHARADE.

TO do my first the student flies
From social circle's converse gay,
And thus is fram'd to figure well,
Within my second's useful way.

My whole, altho' invisible,
Is in existence, past a doubt,
It is what many seem to lack,
And yet what no one is without.

CHARLOTTE.

SOLUTION

OF THE TWO CHARADES IN OUR LAST.

Car-mart-hen.

Bed-ford.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE are particularly obliged to Mrs. P— for her kind attention to our request; we are obliged to omit the historical anecdote this month, to make room for our continued subjects.

We have not received the article alluded to by Alfred; his last favour shall be inserted in our next.

The favours of our obliging correspondent, J. Hawkins, are very acceptable; though we sometimes take the liberty of omitting some which have not equal merit with his other productions.

J. M. L. will excuse our observing, that his answers to the charades are not in his usual style of excellence: we have therefore deferred them, in hopes of being favoured with a copy more correct.

In answer to H. C.'s rather abrupt note, we can only say, that the mistake must be on his side; as we cannot surely reckon that *original* which has already appeared in the Lady's Magazine. As a translation, the poem in question would have been acceptable; but we never borrow from other periodical works.

The Violet and the Bramble—the Boy and the Butterfly, and several other interesting communications, are unavoidably deferred.

We are sorry to observe, that the poem transmitted by S. P. S. possesses neither wit nor good manners.

Engraved by W. Ridley, from a Picture by Romney

MISS SEWARD.

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